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Dr. Giuffre of St. Luke's
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**CREDITS**—Front cover by David A. McClintock; inside back cover, Walter Holt; back cover, La Salle Collegian; pages 2-5, David A. McClintock; 23, Army and Air Force Exchange Service; all others by Charles F. Sibre.
s medical director and chief surgeon of one of Philadelphia’s largest medical centers, Dr. James C. Giuffre, ’35, always happens to be around when people say:

HARLIE WILL DO IT!”

By Robert S. Lyons, Jr.
"I was sick and tired of turning my back

"Make waves, then you know you will
have accomplished something."

—James C. Giuffre, M.D.

James Corio Giuffre, 35, has been
making waves—big waves—since join-
ing the staff of Philadelphia's St.
Luke's and Children's Medical Center
in 1939. He moved up the ladder rap-
idly—to chief surgeon, then medical
director. Since then, he has helped
move St. Luke's into the spotlight as
one of the most progressive medical
centers to be found.

—in the 1950s, Giuffre inaugurated
the Saul Clinic rehabilitation unit.
Since then, over 25,000 alcoholics
have been admitted to the only such
treatment facility in the city.

—Shortly afterwards, the first
of three St. Luke's-sponsored clinics
were started along Philadelphia's wa-
terfront. Some 25,000 workers are
treated on the docks annually.

—in 1965, the first nursing home
in the east to be directly affiliated with
a hospital, the "Giuffre Pavilion," was
dedicated. Chronically ill and convales-
cent geriatric patients are handled
here.

—The St. Luke's clinic at Interna-
tional Airport was dedicated in 1968.
Staffed by a doctor and two nurses
some 16 hours a day, seven days a
week, it has treated thousands of trav-
elers.

—and in 1968, the city's only in-
patient drug-addiction unit for young
people was inaugurated. Some 800 ad-
dicts have been treated so far, but this
war has only begun. Plans are now
underway for the construction of a
100 bed Addictive Disease Building.

—This month, a drug education pro-
gram will be started with members of
the Philadelphia Police Department
attending classes at St. Lukes for five
weeks periods. Some 30 policemen at
a time will attend lectures, handle case
assignments and live with addicts in
order to give them a better under-
standing of the problem.

What kind of man is Dr. Giuffre?
In a word: Dynamic. Up at 4:30 every
morning, he's at the hospital by 6:00
A.M. By 9:30, he's finishing the last of
a half-dozen abdominal operations
(he has done as many as 21 in a sin-
gle day). Now he's ready to spend the
day running the hospital. A Wednes-
day afternoon round of golf (he shoots
in the 80s) provides some diversion,
but insiders will tell you that the hos-
pital and his wife, Elizabeth, and his
two daughters, Camille and Adrienne,
are the only things that really matter
— Besides other people.

"As long as I can remember, I've
always wanted to be a doctor," he will
tell you while discussing his boyhood
in South Philadelphia where his mo-
ther ran a candy store and his father
served as a Republican committeeman.

Little Jimmy Giuffre was an excel-
ten student all the way round," says
Dr. Roland Holroyd, who recalls him
from the first biology and zoology
classes offered at the "new" Olney
Heights campus.

"Dr. Giuffre is one of the world's
day great human-beings," says
comedian Joey Bishop, a long-time
friend. "And certainly one of the most
dedicated."

"Dr. Giuffre is also quick, shrewd,
competitive, combative, daring, blunt,
sensitive, open, guarded, dramatic, co-
medic, garrulous," said a Philadelphia
Daily News writer a few years ago.
"He is intensively human; no one ig-
nores him. Many of Jimmy Giuffre's pa-
ents patients talk of him as though he
ranked just a shade below St. Luke
himself."

It wasn't really a long story, the one
that appeared in the suburban sections
of the Philadelphia Bulletin early in
March, but it described how the city's
zoning board had finally given permis-
sion to a priest, Peter Quinn, to open
"The Bridge," a residential drug reha-
bitation center for youngsters fro,
14 to 18 in Philadelphia's Fox Chai-
tion. The story went on to tell ho
some area residents had opposed the
center, but Father Quinn knew how
badly it was needed. He used to be

guidance counselor at Bishop McDe-
mit, one of the "better" high schools
in the parochial school system. There I
saw, first hand, that there were many
kids who needed help but had
nowhere to go. The story of the
kids and that story in the Bulletin is
a lot about the story of Dr. Giuffre.

"Oh yes, 'The Bridge,'" said Dr.
Giuffre a few weeks before it finally
opened. "They love the idea, but no
in our neighborhood, I feel sorry for
the people who were up at that hea
he form or another. Something has he done. We have to make the pub-er aware.’

About three years ago, a lone horse rider came into Dr. Giuffre’s office with her son. Dr. Giuffre had not seen the boy for a while, but he remembered how impressed he had been with the boy’s ‘angelic appearance’ when he had taken out his appendix. “A beautiful boy,” But not any more. Then Dr. Giuffre looked up from his desk, he saw that the boy’s eyes were colored—black rings under them. He was shaking and nervous. Biting his lips, His mother said that he was on drugs. He had been on them for a while. He was 14 years old.

“I said to her, ‘Well look . . . there are clinics . . . there’s a clinic at Philadelphia General.’ She says, ‘He’s been there.’ I said, ‘Well . . . he should see a psychiatrist.’ She said, ‘I’ve taken him to a psychiatrist.’ I asked, ‘Well, isn’t there a family doctor in the neighborhood?’ She says he’s been there. I said, ‘Well, I’m a surgeon. I don’t have the time.’ So the kid turns me and he says, ‘Well, you’re a doctor, aren’t you?’

‘Hospitals wouldn’t take him and the only recourse was to take him a place station and have him arrested. And then he would go through cold-ney. I suddenly realized, ‘I’m looking for a copout. I’m doing what everybody else is doing,’ And I was sick and tired of turning my back on hat was going on. Here we are in Philadelphia, and Philadelphia is the medical center of the world. If we don’t have facilities in Philadelphia, it’s frightening to think of what’s going on in other cities . . . and you hate a doctor hates—to turn down a patient. It hurts when you say, ‘I’m sorry, I can’t help you.’ One of the most frustrating things in my life is when I open an abdomen and I find operable carcinoma. You feel so frustrated. And when you turn down patient you get that same feeling.

Sometimes when you get involved with your own personal, professional issues, you forget that there are other things that have to be done. Then you y, ‘Well, Charlie will do it.’ But when it turns out in front of you, you find out there aren’t enough harlies’ around.”

That 14-year-old boy with the sunken-eyes was not turned down. Neither

Are Parents Really Interested?

One thing that disturbs Dr. Giuffre is the fact that most drug addicts have what he terms a “Jesus” complex. “The majority of them think they’re saviors,” says Giuffre. They think they are the only ones who know how to treat the drug problem (Addicts think) that doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists and clergymen don’t know anything about it. Now what causes addition? Not drugs, but human weaknesses. They (addicts) have their hang-ups, their anxieties, their frustrations, their phobias, their psychoses (and) this propels them into the drug culture. After treatment-six months—they kick the habit. They decide to set up a clinic and they’re given a grant. Now these are sick people. They’re given a grant to go ahead and treat drug addicts.”

“In running up against parents of drug addicts, it’s not uncommon to hear a mother say, ‘I’ve raised five children. How come he went wrong? I raised them all the same.’ That’s where you went wrong. They are not all the same even though they’re all your brood (She says) I’ve given him everything. I wanted him to be a lawyer. I wanted him to be a priest. I wanted him to be a doctor.’ Did you ever ask him what he wanted to be? Parents these days are all concerned how their children look. As long as it doesn’t reflect on them, they don’t care. Are they really, deeply, sincerely interested in their children? Or just in the fact that their children should look good so they can stick their chests out?”

“There is no one cause (for drug use). You name anything and I’ll tell you that’s a cause—poverty, wealth, environment, frustration, thrills, experimentation, not being accepted, or they don’t see futures, or blame it on the war or the political picture. I don’t think we should waste our time or energies looking for causes. What are we doing about treating them? Are we going to write them off?”

“You can’t equate marijuana with alcohol. Alcohol is a food as well as a drug. There’s some nutritional value. Marijuana is strictly a brain drug. It acts on the brain alone. It has no nutritional or caloric value at all. It’s a psychogenic drug, just like Librium or any of the other drugs. And 100 per cent, 100 per cent of the 600 addicts we have treated as in-patients have all been through the marijuana scene.”
were many others when word spread through the neighborhood that Dr.
Giuffre was opening a ward to treat young drug addicts. It started with
four beds. Soon two more were added. Then two more. Before long, there
were ten beds set aside for youngsters who were detoxified with methadone
to spare them the agony of the "cold turkey" withdrawals. Today, there are
19 patients in the drug clinic and Dr. Giuffre estimates that St. Luke's is
saving the taxpayers about a half-million dollars a year just by keeping
those 19 addicts off the street - - because each one was stealing an average
of $500 a week to support the heroin habit.

"You have to be made of a certain
type of fiber to be able to take the
frustrations, the lying, the conning
that these addicts try to perpetrate on
doctors, nurses, and corpsmen," says
Dr. Giuffre. "You've got to be able
to live up under all this guff, so it's a
specialty (we're dealing with) . . . It
takes a certain type of practitioner. I
think that this specialty group should
be trained to expect all this."

The area served by St. Luke's Hospi
tal—from river to river and from
Fairmount to Lehigh aves.—is one of
the worst in the city. A local maga
zine once described it as "1,000 square
blocks of misery and trouble, poverty
and fear." More than one-sixth of all
crime cases end up at St. Luke's; some
25,000 stabbings and shootings a year.
The Philadelphia Bulletin did a story
on one such victim back in 1964. Dr.
Giuffre had saved the life of a man by
performing a delicate punctured heart
operation. "We see a lot of seemingly
hopeless cases, and every once in a
while we win one," he told the
Bulletin.

"That one individual you're refer-
ring to," said Dr. Giuffre, "I've in-
herted him. The Chinese have a phi-
losophy that when you save a life, you
are now obligated to that person. He
comes in here an average of three
times a year with the story, but after
all, I'm around here (only) because of
you. He drinks and rarely works
and thinks he is my responsibility. In
a way, he is. I've given up trying
to get jobs for him because he doesn't
hold them down. So, if he needs some
extra money, I give it to him.

"When they come in off the streets
here, you sew them up, you treat
them, transfuse them, (and) rehabili-
tate them physically. Then they go
back out in the streets," Dr. Giuffre
chuckled. "I've often thought that
some of these guys I'm repairing will
probably mug me or swipe the wheels
off my car, or something like that.
Here I am getting a fellow in shape
physically so he can go out and create
havoc. But we can't play God. We do
what we have to do, what we are
trained to do."

Dr. Giuffre lit a cigarette and leaned
forward. "I could never ever pass a
beggar or a drunk. I tried it once. He
asked me for a quarter when I was
walking along Chestnut st. I knew he
wanted it to drink, but it bothered me.
I thought, 'maybe he doesn't. Maybe
he wants it for a sandwich.' It started
to bother me and I ran back and gave
it to him. It wasn't worth it, It was
killing me inside.

Dr. Giuffre had received dozens
awards from civic, fraternal and pro-
fessional organizations during his e-
career. He has been named "Man of t
Year." He has been honored for d-
tinguished service and outstanding
achievement, for patriotism and f
being an outstanding humanitarian.
But the most cherished award of
 came during his residency days with
a little old colored lady, a patient
hit in the clinic, bought a picture
frame in the five and ten cent sto
gave it to him.

"She couldn't afford that frame, b
show me her appreciation she gav
it to me. And I cherish that pictu
frame. Because this was the most s
he could do."

Another honor, a rare one indeed
occurred on Nov. 30, 1965, when ti
"James C. Giuffre Pavilion" was de
clared at St. Luke's. "This is one
the most difficult things that could
ever happen to anyone," he says. "B
cause now you have something th
you have to live up to, and you kn
you could never ever meet the stan
ards. They've created a monster f
me. I could never ever be as good
people think I am. I could never ev
be the surgeon people think I am. I

"I was given a half million dollars in the custody of a woman, and I was never able to ever contact her. She had died, and she had never told anyone about this. It was a big shock for me, and I was never able to ever find out more about it.
ome solitude in surgery. ("The only me I relax is when I'm up there, I'm t ease.) He's also at home when he's tading stories with such friends and tients as Joey Bishop, Dean Martin, be Frazier and Bobby Rydell. Out on he Pacific coast, the word is out; if ou're performing in Philly and not eeling well, drop into St. Luke's. Of en they just drop in to say hello and, maybe, cheer up some patients.

"People in show business are very one people, says Giuffre. "They do o much for others. Whenever there's rity or benefit to be given, they rely hesitate to volunteer their services. And whenever we take care of them, they want to do so much for us a make up for whatever little we did or them."

Despite the fact that we are living what he terms, a "decadent, drunkn, drugged society," Dr. Giuffre has n interesting theory about the nexteneration of young people. "Right ow I'm very optimistic and very eful," he says. "After they get rough this fall, we are going to see generation of prudes. Those who survive are not going to make their children go through the scene that e've gone through. A lot of them e suddenly coming out of the clouds in) they're going to raise their kids clity. I think the pendulum will ring completely to the opposite way, ecause right now these kids are aching out. They want help. You n feel it. They're looking for it."

And as long as they're enough "charlies" around like Dr. Giuffre, ey'll find it.

"...An Affluent, Pill-Popping Society....."

The social climate in which we live is probably as responsible as anything else for the current drug problem, according to Dr. Giuffre. "It's an affluent society and a pill-popping society. Kids grow up in an atmosphere where the see mother taking a pill. Because she's nervous, she pops a pill. Because she's on a diet, she takes another pill. At bedtime, she takes another pill. They're growing up in an atmosphere of pills. They even write songs: 'Mother's Little Helpers,' right? You take a medicine cabinet in any modern American home—there are over 30 drugs in it. So it's there. It's available."

"No matter how good, how efficient a rehabilitation program is, unless society accepts the addict, it must fail! Once they're (addicts) drug free, if they can't go back into society (and) get positions, then what do they do? If you send them back into the same environment, the same frustrations, and the same anxieties, they're going to go right back on it."

"Heroin addicts are very passive, innocuous people. They couldn't care less. With the help of heroin, they're no longer interested. Their only concern is their next fix. They couldn't care less about love, sex, anything! A heroin addict could not be a member of a street gang because he is stupefied and anesthetized."

"With drug addiction, you are dealing with a chronic disease. One of the most common symptoms of a chronic disease is a recurrence. A person with a chronic heart condition goes into heart failure, is hospitalized and put back in shape. You know he will go into failure again in six months or year. Now, what do you do? Do you write him off? It's the same way with drugs. So he's going to come back in six months. Well, at least for six months you make him productive. Maybe the next time they'll keep him clean—keep him out of jail—for a year. So you don't stop. We shouldn't stop."
If I had taken seriously the description La Salle College offered of itself in its catalogue of 1966, I probably would have ignored John Wood's suggestion that I write to them about a job. After all, La Salle is a Roman Catholic college for men under the auspices of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

I had been teaching for several years in a large urban university and had just concluded that I ought to be teaching in a small liberal arts college. I followed up that decision by putting myself, not on the market, but onto the grapevine. That's how the chairman of history at Rosemont came to tell me that La Salle would have an opening in my field the following fall. They won't hire a woman, I told him: women's schools hire men, but men's colleges don't employ us! Nevertheless, a letter of inquiry couldn't hurt.

The interview was on one of those blustery, bundle-up days that seem to bemoan Chicagans, but we in Philadelphia never comment upon. I arrived at the administration building with my academic credentials in good order and my stereotypes intact. I would be intelligent, of course, but hold back on the charm. After all, they were not at ease with Jews and women. I, however, had been to San Francisco.

Things went well enough and they made me an offer I could accept. I decided on La Salle on the grounds that it would be an "interesting experience." I didn't give a thought to the fact that it is a splendid school which annually fields good basketball teams and well-turned-out BA's, a school that ranks 243rd in the number of doctorates earned by alumni despite the fact that there are fewer than 14,000 alumni in La Salle's 107-year history and that there are nearly 3000 colleges and universities in the United States.

Such bits of data were given out along with the contracts by the men in long black robes and starched little collars who had interviewed me. (Since then, the long black robes have been almost entirely abandoned by the Brothers at La Salle, but the pride in the success of our graduates remains firm and justified.)

Signing the contract was the easy part, telling my father was hard. Wouldn't I be troubled by all the crucifixes? Was I perhaps flirting with Catholicism? with a Catholic? Recalling it now, I realize that I was defensive when I told people of the change I was about to make. Instead of talking about academic strengths, or the professional vigor of the faculty, I put together a little monologue on the dearth of ladies' rooms and how many holy days I would now have.

Once on the campus, I had to adjust first to the fact that I could never hope to be anonymous—everyone knew who I was. (On one occasion, I was introduced to a meeting as the first full-time woman at the college. I have often wondered about those part-time women who preceded me.) Being known and addressed familiarly was very pleasant, of course, and had been one reason for seeking a smaller school in the first instance.

But I was startled to recognize the "we Jews" syndrome in myself. I verged on becoming a bagels-and-lox Jew whose actions are conditioned by the anticipation of reaction in the non-Jews around him. In the dining room, I hesitated to order foods which I always had been accustomed to eating, pronounced "Yom Kippur" the way a late night TV host might. I found myself leaving the campus early on Friday afternoons. I was dismayed to discover how insecure I felt in the gentile world, and how mindful I was of not merely being a Jew, but of performing as a Jew. This was a conscious role I was playing and it bewildered and disturbed me.

I was being foolish; I had grossly undervalued my colleagues' sensibilities. The men with whom I work have been wise and tactful in their relationship with me. They don't see me as their Jewish colleague, but rather as a colleague who is Jewish. A few months ago, I was approached by one of the electricians on the campus who called me by name and asked if I were a teacher.

"Yes," I replied. "Are you Jewish?" he asked. "Yes, I am Jewish," I said, and I was aware that he was pleased to have found me. The Brothers also are pleased that I am Jewish, though certainly not in a smug, aren't-we-tolerant manner. Religious people are comfortable with religion, and Roman Catholics are more conscious of having Judaic origin in their faith than I had suspected. In any case, my Jewishness, which was so important a signpost in my own sense of myself, was a pale matter indeed when La Salle confronted me as a being a woman.

In 1965 I was only one of two hundred women taking Ph.D.'s in this country—that number has dwindled each year since. There are fewer women teaching in colleges today than there were 25 years ago and as co-education reaches the women's schools, there will be still fewer in the coming year.

Congressman Shirley Chisholm, speaking at La Salle last year, said that she faced more discrimination professionally because she is a woman than because she is black. The Women's Liberation Movement has come just in time—for women though not for me. I have La Salle.
Doing in a Place Like This?"

BY MINNA WEINSTEIN, PH.D.

From the time of my first interview in December 1966, the tactic utilized in response to my being a woman was evasion. There was something approaching a conspiracy of silence regarding my sex. No one held a door or a coat or a chair. Since this equal treatment has also included salary and promotion, I never complained of it. Some women pay thousands of dollars each year for the privilege of having their coats and chairs held. Not everyone was so ready to bypass the fact of my femininity, though. One man who was assigned to be my office mate, angrily and adamantly refused the opportunity on the grounds that his reputation would be compromised.

La Salle had been a singular male stronghold for over a century and my arrival created a kind of male identity crisis that was an exact analogy to the Jewish identity crisis I was experiencing. On the one hand, they wanted me to feel welcome and part of the community; on the other, I was certainly different from the garden variety new instructor.

The curious combination of generosity and uneasiness was evidenced as recently as the discussions and preparations in advance of our becoming co-ed this past fall. My colleagues were worrying over hair dryers in the dorms and skimmed milk in the cafeteria, while expressing their confidence that the academic profile of the freshman class would be raised dramatically by the admission of women. And although I felt deeply honored—and more than a little moved—by being elected Vice President of the Faculty Senate, I could not refrain from asking whether the job included making drapes or the faculty lounge. (I was carefully reassured that no such task was contemplated.)

Things have changed a good deal at La Salle: there are lots of women about and this year I cancelled classes for Rosh Hashanah without a long explanation about the consecration of Isaac and how we Jews... Brother Vice President asked whether I would participate in a panel discussion on Women’s Lib to be held December 8. I reminded him that December 8 is a major Catholic feast day. And what a day! The Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Not even the staunchest of Women’s Lib advocates are prepared to go that far!

When I accepted the position at La Salle College, I thought of it as an interim appointment—it would be fun because it would be different. It is fun. And if being treated as an individual and being accepted exactly as one is, is different, then, yes, La Salle is that too.

This article appeared under the title of “Les Girls” in the 4th Friday” supplement of the Jewish Exponent on Dec. 4, 1970.

Dr. Weinstein is an assistant professor of history and recipient of a 1969 Lindback Award for distinguished teaching. She is a past contributor to LA SALLE.
The America of my boyhood was a poorer land, marked by breadlines, bank failures and industrial strife. Parents worried about keeping meat and potatoes on the table. Yet I grew up amidst friendly neighbors on secure streets. To be sure, people took their politics seriously. Times were hard. But I can’t recall anybody who didn’t believe his country was the greatest in the world. Failure to stand up for the national anthem was unheard of, and never did I witness disrespect to the flag.

This underlying belief in the American system—call it old-fashioned patriotism if you will—filled our history and literature. ‘We are acting for all mankind,’ Thomas Jefferson had proclaimed, and Walt Whitman, poet of a self-confident republic, had written:

‘Myself, I sing
A single, separate person.
And praise the word, “democracy.”’

Yes, when I was growing up, nearly everyone accepted our nation as the wonder and envy of the world. Longfellow had earlier assured us, from his quiet study in Cambridge, that humanity with all its fears, with all the hopes of future years, hung breathless on our fate.

Few doubted it.

On such readings did my generation imbibe the humane and hopeful spirit of America. Zestfully they informed us that our free land represented a new beginning, a sanctuary of escape from the ancient oppressions of Europe.

Now I realize that some of my sophisticated friends would scoff at these recollections. They would brand them maudlin. They would say that such days of innocence, if ever they existed, are best put behind us. They would claim to be glad the country has grown up at last, and that the ‘new’ generation is mature enough to ‘tell it like it is,’ having freed itself from the sentimental nonsense and mythology of the past.

These ‘sophisticates’ may be partly right, but mostly they are wrong. They forget that any society, especially one composed of so many diverse cultures, races and creeds as our own, is mortared together by common sentiment, by a basic belief in the decency of its purposes, the virtue of its shared ideals, and the soundness of its institutions.

When we turn scornful of these fundamentals: when we lose respect for each other and grow defiant of lawful authority; when the accepted standards of conduct sink to a level no more demanding than “doing your own thing,” then the country starts to come unstuck.

That’s what is happening to us today.

That’s why we’re in such deep trouble.

The trouble stems from no physical disability. Our economic system is a cornucopia of goods and services piled high. Adult Americans prize its monumental productivity. Our sights were set, after all, during sparse years of insecurity and depression. Small wonder that material abundance should have become the single-minded goal—and unique achievement—of our generation.

So we tend to diagnose today’s trauma in superficial and self-serving ways. We tell ourselves we have given our children too much. They are spoiled. They were raised permissively. It’s all Dr. Spock’s fault!

But, in moments of reflection, we grudgingly concede that our children do have a point. If they reject the shopping centers as the hallmark of American culture; if they resent the ubiquitous and deceitful advertisements of beer, cosmetics and deodorants that forever assault our eyes and ears; if they object to how we have cheapened our surroundings in an endless clutter of billboards and neon signs, if they want the air pure again, and the water running clean, and the land given a little more loving care, are they really so awfully wrong?

Don’t mistake these for signs of sickness. They are the symptoms of persisting national health. A new generation of Americans, knowing that it cannot add to the quantity in our lives, seeks rather to improve the quality. In this they are right. We should pitch in and help them.

For the generation gap which matters involves no insuperable disagreement over goals, nor does it consist primarily of the different life style adopted by so many young people. Indeed, when it comes to their long-term beliefs, their aspirations for their country, or their concept of ultimate justice, the views of most young people are less different from those of their parents than is commonly supposed.

The dangerous generation gap, as I see it, has more to do with means than ends. Far too many bright and sensitive college students are “turned off.” Whatever word is used for describing their negative mood, whether it be alienated, disaffected, or disillusioned, the fact is that alarming number of young Americans are losing faith in the American political process. They believe the system is rigged for war, not peace they suspect that representative government has lost its vitality, with only the pocketbook interests enjoying representation, not the people. Worst of all, they think that their entreaties, when voiced in the regular manner, go unheard and unheeded.

This pervasive skepticism about our established political order lies at the very heart of the malaise on campus. I makes the cop-out seem respectable; it accounts for the ease with which self-indulgent pursuits can be justified. If nothing can be done anyway then why not ‘celebrate’ life? Why not make beads, beads and flowing locks the apparel of defiance and dissent? Why not confront the establishment? If it won’t yield, at least it can be discomforted. Why not?

These are the disturbing questions students ask. The malaise is most apparent at our foremost universities, where the faculty itself is infected, but it is spreading rapidly through our institutions of higher learning, undermining confidence still further, encouraging coercion and instilling contempt. I the affliction to be cured, we must honestly probe for, an eradicate, the underlying causes. Nothing less will suffice.

The charlatans hold that the remedy consists of a simple dose of discipline, a crackdown on campus. It is easy for them to point to any number of disorders which apparently called for stern measures than those taken. Obviously, a academic institution—or society for that matter—can not tolerate or endure conditions of anarchy. Force unleashed mus
be met with sufficient counterforce to restore good order. All law-breakers must be held to account.

Nevertheless, while a gaping wound sometimes requires a compress to contain it, the wound is healed, not by the tape with which it is bound, but by the inner processes of the body. So, if we are to find the deep-rooted causes of our current affliction, we must re-examine our society, review our recent history, and reflect upon our charted course.

A starting point is to recognize that today's typical American parent and disaffected college student see the world very differently. The new generation never perceived in Vietnam the demons their parents envisioned. Unlike our presidents who over-learned the "lessons" of World War II, most perceptive young Americans never could swallow Ho Chi Minh as Adolph Hitler in disguise or believe that our failure to fight for a government we propped up in Saigon would amount to another "Munich." They sensed that Vietnam really had nothing to do with American security, the safety of the United States or the well-being of our people, nevitably they came to view the conflict as an unwarranted intervention on our part in a civil war in Vietnam which wasn't our affair.

It does no good to tell these young people that 'our will and character are being tested.' That we shall not be humiliated or accept our first defeat. They do not believe a mistaken war should be won. They believe it should be stopped. That, or them, is the path of honor.

So it happened that Vietnam, now the longest war in our history, severed the line of communication between our generation of political leaders and the campus leaders of student thought. The two groups move on different planes, they speak a different tongue. Their paths would never have collided, but passed each other by like ships in the night, except for the war. For we oldsters insisted on drafting the youngsters to fight a war which great numbers of them couldn't approve.

Thus, the disillusionment of so many college students in their country and its institutions has its roots in Vietnam. When the power of the state is used to force young men to fight a war they believe to be unnecessary, at best, and wrong at worst (under penalty of imprisonment if they refuse), the seeds of sedition are sown. From these roots, every limb of authority is eventually challenged. Whenever a tree trunk is shaken, all the leaves tremble. Once the legitimacy of the government is rejected on an issue so fundamental as an unacceptable war, every lesser institution of authority is aced in jeopardy. Every sacred principle, every traditional value, every settled policy becomes a target for ridicule and revulsion. Caldrons of anarchy soon begin to boil

Listen to what the President's Commission on Campus Press said about the war. Disaffected students see the war, the commission concluded, 'as a symbol of moral crisis in the nation which, in their eyes, deprives even law of its legitimacy.

Nothing is more important than the end of the war in Indochina.'

The war's fall-out has debased, on a far broader front, the confidence of young people in their government. The credibility of the government, including the Presidency itself, has been grievously impaired. Moreover, an awareness has developed—never known to my generation—that the U.S. Government has forfeited its claim to a morality above that of other governments. The napalm of defenseless Vietnamese villages, the devastation of large areas by free-dropping B-52's, the massacres at My Lai—facts like these prevent young Americans from sharing their elders' coveted belief in the superior morality of their country.

Finally, a recognition is forming that the United States can 'lose.' All American children learn from their school books that the United States has never lost a war. But the gargantuan image of brave men, unlimited money and massive modern technology bogged down in a medieval quagmire will not soon be forgotten. Shattered like the myth of American omnipotence and all other premises on which we built our foreign policy in the years following the Second World War.

I should think that the lessons of Vietnam may have just as much impact on young peoples' conceptions of American foreign policy in the future as the lessons of the Second World War had upon the conceptions of their parents. Having witnessed the involvement of the United States in both great wars of this century, our contemporary leaders drew the conclusion that since we couldn't withdraw in isolation from the world, we must therefore take charge of it. (Continued)

Senator Church (D-Idaho), co-author of the Cooper-Church Amendment, speaks at campus press conference prior to delivering accompanying remarks at Concert & Lecture Series appearance, Feb. 11.

A SALLE, SPRING 1971
Thus the United States, at the end of the Second World War, stepped into the vacuum created by the receding European empires. Tommy Adkins was replaced by G.I. Joe; American Marines occupied barracks once filled by the French Foreign Legion. Though we believed our motives to be pure—quite unrelated to the practice of neocolonialism with which we stand charged—the obligations we assumed soon came to exceed those of all the old western empires combined. The United States, without much forethought, pledged itself to oversee the vast regions once occupied by the bankrupt European nations. Overnight, we became the policeman, banker, and judge of most of the world.

In the place of the British fleet, the U.S. Navy took up the deep-water patrol. From the Mediterranean to the China Seas, American troops were garrisoned at outposts so far-flung as to dwarf the reach of Imperial Rome. In our zeal as self-appointed protector of half a hundred foreign governments, we retained the draft to summon young Americans to battle in places they had never heard of before, a compulsory duty never imposed on French or British citizens, even at the height of their colonial power.

The obsessive fear which drove us to this extremity—the specter of a monopolistic communism engulfing the globe—has long since been shown to be illusory. Communist countries are deeply divided. President Nixon is cheered in Bucharest and greeted with enthusiasm in Belgrade. The red titans, Russia and China hurl invectives at one another and engage in sporadic warfare along contested borders.

While these developments outmodeled our old concepts, we kept on adhering to the same engrained habits of thought. We continued to see ourselves as the benevolent sentinel of what we still call the “free world,” when in truth it is mainly composed, like the communist world, of despotic governments that are the very antithesis of all we stand for as a nation.

So it happened that American foreign policy fell out of touch with traditional American ideals. In the name of “pragmatism,” we embraced every form of government on our side of the tug-of-war. Their frontiers became ours to defend, for which purpose we stationed more than a million soldiers abroad; their internal stability became ours to promote, for which purpose we dispensed more than $150-billion in foreign aid. To be sure, we told ourselves we were financing development, but we decreed that it must take place within the framework of the existing order. Our principal concern, like that of all presiding imperial powers, became the preservation of the status quo.

This objective cannot be reconciled with our historic conception of ourselves as an exemplary society. Americans who believe in freedom at home will not wed themselves for long to a foreign policy which supports despotism in other lands. When the United States keeps sending arms to the Greek colonels who strangled freedom in democracy’s home; when we subsidize the Fascist Franco; when we lavish money on a dictatorship in Brazil which is known to countenance the torture of its own citizens, why in the name of decency are we surprised when idealistic young Americans question our purposes abroad and doubt our words?

The remedy—the only remedy—is to bring America home again, not to a neo-isolationism of which I am sometimes accused; not to an abandonment of the United Nations or those alliances, such as NATO, which really contribute to our security; not to a condition of military weakness which might tempt our enemies—but home again to the forgotten truth that the first mission of the federal government was never to decide which faction should govern some little country on the fringes of China, but to attend to the genuine needs of the American people!

For too long, our people’s problems have gone unattended here at home. For too long, our presidents have been mesmerized by the quests of Caesar. For too long, our resources have been poured into the distant lands, with which we have had no former link or economic interest, no strategic stake or post-colonial responsibility.

The time has come to put right our priorities, before we exhaust ourselves in futile foreign adventures, as other great powers have done before us. At song fests we raise our voices to sing: ‘This land is our land.’ Well, now, it’s time to give it the attention it deserves. American cities rot at their cores, the countryside empties of people, family farms disappear. Snarls spread its poisonous mantle, water turns rancid, and the problems of waste disposal grow daily more severe. Race relations worsen, the streets are shamefully unsafe. Crime breeds on addictive drugs, and poverty persists amidst plenty.

This gathering crisis in our own land bears far more importantly than the future of the republic than anything we have now, or have ever had at stake, in Indochina. Attention to these festering problems on the homefront, reinforced by an ironclad resolve to solve them, would do more than anything else to enlist the energies, quicken the interest, and restore the allegiance of the doubting young.

Such a new direction requires a radical revision of American foreign policy. Massive intervention in other peoples’ affairs must give way to priority attention for our own. Military adventurism—which has kept this country engaged in marathon warfare for the past 30 years—must be replaced with sufficient self-discipline to restore our armed forces to their legitimate role, the defense of the United States. Above all, the American foreign policy tail must stop wagging the American dog!

That accomplished, we could shift focus back upon those internal problems which so deeply concern young people, such as attaining racial justice, eliminating poverty, improving the quality of life and humanizing our institutions. With credibility, we could then beckon young people back into the mainstream of our political process. Let them vote at 18; they know more than we did at 21. Let them help us update our horse-and-buggy politics by abolishing the Electoral College, so that the people can directly elect the President. Let them assist in the reform of our unrepresentative convention system, so that the voters can have a larger voice in the selection of candidates. Let them plunge in with fresh ideas about changing our scandalous election laws, to curtail sky-rocketing campaign costs and impose realistic spending limits, so that victories at the polls are fairly won, not bought.

That’s a start. And when we’ve made it, even the most cynical young people may begin listening again when we remind them that no society of men will ever be perfect, that every wrong can’t be instantly righted, and that the best instrument yet devised for pursuing truth is freedom. But governments that tolerate freedom are rare. They are hard to get, in the first place; and they are hard to keep alive. That task, in a free land like ours, must be assumed by each succeeding generation. Its performance is not the prize of a short sprint, but the hard-earned harvest of an endurance contest.

Out of that understanding, we would come together again. The generation gap wouldn’t vanish—and we should be glad for that—but it would no longer tear the country apart. Underlying confidence in the soundness of our institutions would be restored, and our horizons would brighten once more with the promise that American freedom will endure.”
The Bedeviling Winter of an All America

By Frank Brady


Drexel is the No. 1 College Star?

Durett: No. 1 College Star?

Durett: No. 1 College Star?
When that right knee crumbled, so did La Salle

This was Kenny Durrett as winter was breaking in. This was Kenny Durrett before his right knee crumbled at the East baseline of the Palestra in a phantom, freak collision he still is unable to describe. This was Kenny Durrett before what might have been La Salle’s greatest basketball season crumbled.

“I try to prove myself every game I play but I mean, like, I feel like I always wanted to play in the NCAA tournament. It’s the kind of thing you look forward to. Like, when I was small. Look forward to it, used to catch it on TV—Texas Western and them played. Stuff like that, It means a lot. It means a lot.”

It meant a lot to Kenny Durrett, but it never came. It never came for the greatest 6-foot-7 black athlete with which La Salle College has been graced. (You qualify it with “6-foot-7” and “black” so that you avoid arguments with the guys who will prod you with Ira Davis or Pete Walheim or Tom Gola or those footballers out of the wars-ago past.) It meant a lot but it never came because Kenny Durrett’s knee crumbled. The other guys played great, but it came down to . . .

Naturally, in the dying days of winter, it came down to St. Joseph’s. Of course it had to come down to St. Joseph’s: for the Middle Atlantic Conference championship, for automatic entrance to that Durrett-coveted NCAA tournament, for a chance . . . this was enough . . . for a chance to put it to the Hawks.

And—now this is very important—this was also Paul Westhead’s first year coaching against the school for which he had played, coached, recruited. This was going to be brutal. A street fight on the floor, a gang war in the stands. The stands? God, just imagining the viciousness of each school’s rollouts gagged you.

And then St. Joseph’s did it—those rowdies did it before the game. I mean, how unnerving can that be when these rowdies, these hated rowdies, roll out this banner:

HAWKS SALUTE KEN DURRETT: A TRUE ALL-AMERICAN

And then The Hawks on the floor won the game too. Jack McKinney, the St. Joseph’s coach, loved it. He loved it and he praised his kids, but he wondered how things would have been if Ken Durrett were not in street clothes on the bench and Jack McKinney—on his way to the NCAA—made a suggestion to Philadelphia’s basketball writers.

He told us, in all seriousness, to remind the NIT that the last time an MAC runnerup had been eliminated by St. Joseph’s that team (Temple) had won the entire thing; won it all, he implied, without a Ken Durrett.

Which is where La Salle went. To New York. To Madison Square Garden. To the NIT. Kenny Durrett was healthy. Westhead said; healthy, Durrett said. La Salle played Georgia Tech in the first round. Georgia Tech played awful. La Salle played awfully terrible. La Salle played as if no one was sure that it was really Ken Durrett wearing No. 33. Ken Durrett played as if he were not sure that it was really Ken Durrett wearing No. 33. La Salle lost; Ken Durrett? I’m not sure, I’m puzzled.
"We just felt it was a matter of time, a matter of time," Westhead was saying after a long team meeting. The water had poured over his emotion-blotted face dripped off his hirt-collar tips. Paul was not participating in, he was ensuring this press conference. "His movement was all right," e said, trying to angle-block the New York writers away rom the alibi-angle. "We didn't go to him first (on offensive patterns), we went to Bobby Fields first. It was a plan, isn't an excuse.

"It wasn't Ken Durrett's knee, it wasn't Bobby Field's suit, it was not anyone's fault . . . we didn't execute . . ." then Westhead said the big thing again—what everyone new: "We just felt it was a matter of time . . . He'd get his ceiling back. It's not fair to him. He was a game away. He needed one game."

Yes. He needed a game, one that could have meant NCAA, ut now the dressing room door opened and there he was on bench with his back against a cinderblock wall. This was ot the NCAA—the dream—this was New York, the NIT, loser's locker, and it was the last game of a great col-

giate career.

Most of the other kids—Fields, Bobby Walsh, Greg Can-
on were the ones you noticed right away—were dressed nd leaving but Durrett sat slouched there (still uniformed) nd writers circled him Indian raiding-party style.

(I depart from objectivity at this point because I admire is young man, like him very much; if a reporter for The alletin is allowed to have favorites on each team he covers, is a coin-flip for me between Kenny Durrett and Bobby Walsh here.)

Anyway, the writers inched closer while I sat down beside enny Durrett. There was a lot of coughing, false-starting hile guys waited to start the questioning. No one had to k that first one, though, because the uneasy mixture of hu-
an sympathy, reportorial inquisitiveness, three years of the bject's frustration was crossed by this sad, proud, young an himself.

"A-Number one," said Kenny Durrett, letting his left (ood) leg flop over my right knee and upper part of my stes, "I want to say one thing first. I was—I ain't, I'm not takin' any excuses. I just had a bad ballgame. That's all. was tryin' to fit in. They weren't sure if I was in the game not. I played a bad game. A bad, bad game. Damn, I was bad.

"I needed more time and I'd say that's right. It wasn't my hight. It was their game (teammates') and I bleded it, maybe they'd been better off without me." Durrett bent his bad almost to the floor, I felt his body shake. He straight- ed up quickly, afraid he had left the wrong impression. That I'm sayin' it was my worst game ever. Ever! Re-

member I ain't sayin' 'Knee' anywhere. It was my worst time. I didn't do what I could, you know, what I should." It went on like that (sadly) for a while and Durrett answered everything they threw at him. Then he dressed, ut across the street to a hotel where he talked with team-

mates and with Larry Cannon, the former La Salle player o is now one of the best in the ABA. He saw his family

ances for its best season ever
"I just kept working at it, workin'"

and then he rode to Philadelphia with Tom Gola.

"After coaching him for two years," said La Salle's all-time point-maker, occasional Sir Galahad, now City Controller and ever a politician, "—I got pretty close to him. I mean all of them, off the floor. Socially, I mean." (Socially, Gola and Durrett say repeatedly, means just that: Tom and Ken stress the compatibility of Caroline Gola and Anna Durrett.)

Gola is one of three coaches under whom Durrett—pronounced "DOO-Ret" or "Big Guy" in the Palestra—has played at La Salle. He was recruited by Jim Harding, excelled as a soph and junior for Gola, finished as a senior (and was polished as a person, I feel) with Westhead. It was a mark of his maturity that he has borrowed something good from each. (Ken is almost as proud of the "way I've grown up a lot as far as taking things seriously" as he is with his proven athletic skills.)

"With Gola," he told me in one of our interviews that I taped, "it was more like he treated everybody like a man. He told us what to do and he expected us to do it and he would take you to the side and he would teach you from his experience — more so than teach you fundamentals, you know. He was a pro, he could teach you advanced techniques, but if you needed fundamental stuff he would tell you, show you how to do it."

Harding, in addition to his contributions that need not be pursued in this piece, is an uncanny expert on teaching the art of shooting a basketball into a hoop. I once watched him stand two feet in front of Larry Cannon and, with his back to the basket, tell the player correctly seven out of eight times whether he had scored or not on 17-foot jumpshots. He did this by watching in which direction one of Cannon's fingers was pointed at moment of release.

Durrett said that Harding had helped him with his jumper as a freshman. He also said, picking up from the tape recorder . . .

"Whereas with Mr. Harding, Mr. Harding was a man who knew the game very, very well. He knew as far as a coaching standpoint, 'cause he didn't really play like Gola."

Shifting in a wooden chair in La Salle's ridiculously cramped and inadequate basketball office, Kenny delivered a masterful and ironic paragraph of understatement. "But he just had a hard way of getting it across to people," he explained. "You know, the way he expressed it to people. But he just knew the game of basketball. I don't think there's anybody else who knows the game of basketball as good as he does."

I love that paragraph; I savored it as a re-typed one. I was scribbling notes as it was said to protect myself against a tape malfunction and I smiled as I wrote down "hard way of getting it across to people." Just then—honest—Paul Westhead walked into his own office. The worst thing that has ever been said about Paul (except for that time he spent as a Hawk) is that he knows Shakespeare is not a 6-7 guard for Alcorn AM & N.

Western Kentucky was the next opponent (and it would be one of Durrett's all-time games), practice time was approaching and the couch hustled his All-America. A true hustle: "... or we might not let you play against the big guy (7-0 Jim McDaniels)." Everyone smiled, Westhead left.

"Mr. Westhead, he's just a pure worker," Durrett said. "When it's time for ball, everything is 'ball.' He figures, 'If you want it, you have to go get it.' I think everyone has that in their head now. That's probably why we're playin' so good, this is the first time we had a chance to really go anywhere . . . As far as Greg Cannon and myself, who been on probation our first two years and this is our first year to do anything, I think it means a lot more to me and him than anyone else."

Greg Cannon was one of the "Suicide SIX," that marvelously aggressive bench group that would go in and wipe up (or wipe out) what was left three seasons ago after Durrett, Larry Cannon, Bernie Williams, Roland Taylor, Stan Wlodarczyk (or Ed Szczesny) had left tire marks on 25 of 26 opponents.

The 1969 team finished its season in West Chester's Hohlinger Fieldhouse because the NCAA, attracted by Harding's blood-letting, persistent pursuit of amateurism as he defined it, had found earlier (and sadly neglected) transgressions by the athletic family. Censure and two years of probation, the NCAA ruled.

Which is why this season meant so much personally to Kenny Durrett. Believe this, as Durrett does: You prove you are best by being better than the alleged best head-to-head. Howard Porter of Villanova got his chance in the NCAA against "The Best" in Sidney Wicks. Durrett must have blushed watching the TV: how he must have lusted for the chance Porter got (earned) and on which Howard capitalized.

"I guess from the ninth grade on, when I started playing," Kenny told me in mid-season, "I started getting better and better. People started telling me I was gonna be real good and I kept workin' at it. And then after I got in high school I started gettin' calls from different colleges. People thought I was a senior and I was only a sophomore.""I started sayin', Well, I may be that good." Then we (Pittsburgh Schenley High) took the State championship and I was voted to the All-American team (as a junior) and I said, 'Man I must really be good.' I just kept working at it, workin'."

(Durrett made All-America again as a high school senior but was suspiciously late accepting a collegiate grant, which finally came from La Salle via Jim Harding. Durrett's scholastic credentials were suspect. They are "suspect"—some still argue. I nod, look at the product and argue. I entered
In the autumn of 1955: white, middle-class, Salle College in autumn of 1955: white, middle-class, Scholastics aside, Durrett explains the time lapse between adulation with his buddy Petey Gibson and college matriculation this way: "I had offers of over 200 offers. I only got touch with, oh, about 20 schools. 20 schools I really went on. And then . . .

"Petey and myself, we made a lot of trips. We were traveling all summer, it's getting to be fun, every weekend. Every time we was on a plane flyin' across the country and we still didn't decide . . . We waited so long . . . We found ourselves playing ball and not worrying where we were going to go. I guess that was because we was still young and it made to the last minute and we had to make a decision . . .

For La Salle for Ken Durrett.
For Ken Durrett, he is a proven All-America, if not an CAA ring-wearer. He is or will be a rich young man. He came to La Salle and he became the outstanding player in the Big Five three years (sharing it once with Villanova's Ted Porter): scored more points more per game (24.2 per average) than did fabled Gola in four seasons, and is the best frontcourtman modern Philadelphia has seen. (No here: I still have Gola scrapbooks in the basement.)
It turned out for the better and Kenny was the fourth man chosen in the NBA draft. His early choice had been pre-empted by Virginia's selection in the ABA first round. Ken Durrett was smiling; Tom Gola was smiling.

"I'm looking out for Kenny," Gola told me as Howard Porter was swept up in contract-no-contract headlines. "No, I just want to get him the best deal he can, make sure he doesn't get chewed up. Both leagues have been hit with nut will make Kenny happy."

Bob Cousy, the Cincinnati coach, was happy, although I did not help his organization's bargaining position when I said in comparison to UCLA's by-acclamation All-America Wicks (who had been clearly outclassed by Villanova's Porter), Durrett "has more finesse, will do many more things without the ball, will shoot better, will handle the ball better."

It was a day late in March when Cousy said that. That day Gola was saying: "I won't reveal what we're asking for Kenny—it's more from the ABA because of the influence in prestige and stability and the one has more fringe benefits than the other in TV, endorsements. I'll tell you this, though, I told him some time ago: 'Kenny' you're worth a million dollars."

That same day, after dinner, the player was in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel at the annual Herb Good Basketball Club banquet. Cousy's description was still in his cars, the first-round selection was still on his mind, and several more awards from Philadelphia sports writers were in his hands.

"I wish I could play Big 5 ball the rest of my life," he said. "It compares with nothing there. The people are just great."

Winter was breaking up outside. It had been a bedeviling one for Ken Durrett. There were a lot of dollars due in spring. And that piece of paper in the first part of summer?

Frank Brady, '61, has been a sportswriter with the Philadelphia Bulletin since June, 1966. Previously, he was an assistant city editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Two of his articles have been selected to appear in "Best Sports Stories," an anthology of the nation's best sportswriting published annually by E. P. Dutton.
A large group of La Salle students are going out of their way these days to refute the stereotyped image that the younger generation is pre-occupied with demonstrations, drugs and "doing their thing."

Some 200 undergraduates have joined the "Student Volunteer Corps," recently organized on campus by Gerald T. Dees, '65, the college's director of student activities.

The students are serving as volunteers in a number of capacities with some 19 agencies currently registered with the Corps.

One student, for example, is doing public relations work for the Red Cross. Another is working in the same capacity with the Northeast Community Mental Health Center. Others are working with the Big Brothers, tutoring, manning switchboards for various agencies, teaching piano and dancing at local orphanages, and assisting at hospitals, at psychiatric institutions and child care centers.

Two students who are currently volunteering as social welfare aides hope to become official social case workers in the near future.

The program actually started last March when ten students volunteered to help out the Philadelphia Tutorial Project. Then, last fall, a few more students answered a request by the Salvation Army to help a family recover from a fire that destroyed their home.

Last October, Dees wrote to all student organizations on campus inquiring about any volunteer activities in which they were participating. The results were most gratifying.

"I learned that fraternities and other clubs are not all beer and pretzels," he says. "One fraternity (Phi Kappa Theta) had been quietly operating a very effective social action committee and helping neighborhood children. Others were raising money for charitable causes, conducting toy collections for underprivileged youngsters, and sponsoring blood drives—things like that."

Finally, right before the Christmas holidays, Dees sat down with his student assistant Frank Morrell, a freshman, and started organizing the material filtering in from various agencies requesting volunteers. Some 2,000 copies of a brochure listing some of the organizations and their individual requests for volunteers were distributed to student groups on campus.

Within weeks, some 200 students registered with the Corps. Individual files for all volunteers and agencies are now maintained by Dees and his staff and more calls are coming in every day.

"When we started, many people said that it would be a waste of time," recalls Dees. "It is quite a pleasant awakening to find out that a substantial number of young people do want to commit themselves. It's instilled some hope for the younger generation."

Although La Salle's Volunteer Corps is currently operating on a part time administrative basis, Dees is extremely optimistic about the future. He expects to set up a system where participating organizations will evaluate the performance of personnel sent to them.

"Eventually, we hope that the program will be administered completely by a student organization on campus," he says. "Perhaps in three or five years, every student will have involved in at least one volunteer program."

The Corps has been working closely with La Salle's Urban Studies at Community Services Center and some of the academic departments on campus. The sociology department, for one, is developing a program of recruiting students and sending the out for practical experience for which they will be evaluated for some academic credit.

Other organizations who have been using La Salle's student volunteers include: "Option," St. Joseph's Hall for Girls, Stenton Child Care Center, Gabriel's Hall Volunteering Program, "Help, Voyage House, Delaware Valley Citizen's Council for Clean Air, Germantown Hospital Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institution, Philadelphia State Hospital Four Seasons Day Care Program, and the Philadelphia Day Care Council.
La Salle College Films
Available to Groups

A series of three films about La Salle, all 16 mm color with sound, have been produced by the college's department of public affairs and are available for group showing.

Each film is five minutes in length. Titles are: "In the City and Of the City," describing the college's various contributions to the city and community; "To Develop Every Human Value," showing a number of La Salle students in a variety of activities, and "In the Decade of the 70's," a quick preview of the college's plans for the next decade.

The films were shown on Philadelphia's WPHL-TV in January and February and are scheduled to be telecast over other local stations in the near future.

Further information about the films may be obtained through the college's office of public affairs, alumni office or news bureau.

Students Again "Living" with Business Executives

La Salle’s Industry Department is again sponsoring a SOLID (Students at La Salle Industry Day) program this semester, it was announced by Dr. Bernard B. Goldner, department chairman.

Some 100 students and some 80 companies are participating. Under the program, which continues until April 30, individual students "live" with executives for an entire day and observe all business activities of that executive.

Among the objectives of the program, according to Dr. Goldner, are "to establish and maintain professional relationships between the students of the college and the business community of the Greater Philadelphia area and to provide the students with exposure to management positions in his field of interest."

Among the companies participating in the SOLID program are:...The program was opened to underclassmen last year and some 80 students participated in activities of 65 companies located from New York City to Delaware.

Meyer Takes MAC "Triple" as Swimmers Finish With 8-6 Log

Sophomore Geoff Meyer, a triple winner in the Middle Atlantic Conference championships, helped lead coach Jack Lumsden's first swimming team to an 8-6 won-loss record, a fourth place finish in the league, and a pair of startling upsets this season.

Meyer, destined to become one of the greatest Explorer swimmers in history, put on an awesome display at the MAC championship meet. He snatched McGonigle Pool, conference and La Salle records while winning the 400 yard individual medley (4:27.2) and 200 backstroke (2:01.3), and broke the pool record while winning the 200 yard individual medley (2:01.7).

Lumsden's young squad (14 of 19 swimmers were underclassmen) streaked to seven victories in their final eight meets. They upset defending MAC champion Lehigh, 71-42, and 1971 Metropolitan Intercollegiate champion St. John's (N.Y.), 64-49, and beat Temple, 73-40; and St. Joseph's, 77-34, along the way.

"A year ago, we had a defeatist attitude and weren't a real team," said captain Ed Merkle, referring to the 1970 team that was stunned by the death of coach Joe Kirk and struggled for two victories. "Mr. Lumsden molded us: he got to know each athlete individually and pushed each man to his capability."

Besides Merkle, seniors Reid King, Per-Arne Pedersen, Paul Broomhead and Robert Gallagher ended their collegiate careers at the MAC championships.
Ten Faculty Members Promoted by College

Ten members of the college's faculty were promoted this spring, it was announced by Brother Daniel W. Burke, F.S.C., Ph.D., president.

Daniel J. Rodden, associate professor of English and chairman of the college's new speech and drama program, was promoted to full professor.

Five other members of La Salle's faculty were promoted to the rank of associate professor and four were named assistant professors.

The new associate professors (and their major field) are: Dr. J. Sandor Cziraky (history); Brother Edward Davis, F.S.C., Ph.D. (theology); Dr. Peter J. Filicetti (psychology); Dr. Michael J. Kerlin (philosophy); and Dr. Bruce V. MacLeod (industry).

The new assistant professors are: Mrs. Florence Fay (philosophy); James H. Hanes (fine arts); Allan Janik (philosophy); and Brother Luke Tuppeny, F.S.C. (theology).

Music Theatre Sets 10th Summer Program

La Salle's MUSIC THEATRE will present "Knickertacker Holiday" and "Allegro" during its tenth season this summer, it was announced by Dan Rodden, founder and managing director.

"Knickertacker Holiday," book and lyrics by Maxwell Anderson and music by Kurt Weill, will run for 27 performances from June 30 through July 24th. Rodgers' and Hammerstein's "Allegro" will open on August 4th and continue for 34 performances through Sept. 5th.

Almost 184,000 patrons have visited La Salle's MUSIC THEATRE, the only college-sponsored, professional music theatre in the East, for the past nine years. All attendance records were smashed last summer when some 23,600 patrons—100.07% of capacity for the 382 seat theatre, watched performances of "Bitter Sweet" and "Man of La Mancha."

College Education Urged by SAM Evening Students

A panel discussion for high school students, "Prospective for Youth: Jobs and Education," was presented by members of the evening division's Society for the Advancement of Management chapter on March 5 at the North Hills Community Center.

Benjamin Johnson, president of La Salle's SAM chapter and the North Hills Progressive Alliance for Youth, said that the program was designed to illustrate the benefits of higher education for high school students and to encourage qualified students to enroll in night school, either at La Salle or elsewhere.

Some 100 students attended the program which will probably become an annual SAM project.

Speakers on the program, all La Salle evening division students, were: Jack Maxwell, Overall Picture of the Job Market; James J. Duffy, "Entrance Examinations and Scholarships;" Albert Shaw, "Cost of Higher Education;" Wilfred Bond, "Why We Came Back to College;" James Yates, "World of Work;" and Charles E. Lankert, "Teamwork in Industry."

Norman Weiss, executive vice president of SAM, was moderator.

Six Seniors Selected as Wilson Finalists

Six La Salle seniors have been named finalists in the annual award competition sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation to encourage outstanding young people to consider careers in college teaching.

Of some 10,000 seniors nominated, 305 students received fellowships and an additional 741 seniors werename finalists. La Salle was the only Catholic college in the Philadelphia area to be represented by any award winners.

La Salle's finalists, who will be recommended for fellowships as assistantships awarded by graduate schools, are: Gerald R. Bodisch, a economics major, of Coplay, Pa.; Brian J. Byrne, philosophy of religion, Arlington, Va.; Peter G. Byrne, history, Philadelphia; Edmond J. Roll, history, Philadelphia; John E. Sahn, English, Philadelphia, and Anthon C. Salerno, history, Lancaster, Pa.

College Receives Grant from Gulf Oil Foundation

The college has been awarded a capital grant of $20,000 from the Gulf Oil Foundation.

The check was presented to Brother Daniel W. Burke, F.S.C., Ph.D., La Salle's president, by Dr. Alex Lewi Jr., Gulf's senior vice president.

Brother Patrick Ellis, F.S.C., Ph.E, director of development, said that the grant would be applied to the college "Program of the '70s" building fund which includes the construction of $4.2 million classroom building and $4 million Hayman Hall athletic facilities building.

The grant is part of more than $4 million that Gulf will distribute this year to students and institutions of higher education for a variety of purposes. Institutions eligible for capital grants are those which are private operated and controlled, and which obtain a major portion of their financial support from non-tax sources.
Deceased: Kenneth Harverson, M.D.

Michael C. Rainone, Esq.

Daniel J. McCauley, Jr. has been elected to the Board of Governors of the Philadelphia Bar Association. Michael C. Rainone, Esq. has recently been appointed by Mayor James H. Tate to the Board of Trustees of the Philadelphia Community College.

The 30th anniversary Reunion Dinner Dance of the class will be held on campus on May 16.

George J. Gradel was selected "Citizen of the Week" by the Ambler Gazette in November.

Anthony Aumarosi, D.D.S. has been appointed to the Springfield township health board.

The 25th anniversary Reunion Dinner Dance of the class will be held on campus on May 16.

Robert W. Walters has been elected to the Board of Managers of Beneficial Savings Bank.

John T. Connors, assistant professor of sociology and coach of the golf team at the college, took his team to Scotland, April 2-9, where they played the famed St. Andrews course.

John J. Burns has joined Capital Planning Associates, Inc., as financial consultant.

John J. Burns has been promoted to vice president group executive, western operations of the Aerospace & Electronics Group, Lear Siegler, Inc. Gerald P. Nugent is now executive vice president of Atlantic Container Line, Ltd., in New York. Robert F. McMackin has been elected senior vice president of Commonwealth Land Title Insurance Co. Deceased: William H. Marsden.

William A. King has been appointed Philadelphia's Register of Wills. Thomas J. Shusted, assemblyman from Haddonfield, N.J., has been appointed to the New Jersey State Apportionment Commission which is responsible for apportionment of the Senate and Assembly Districts.

The 20th anniversary Reunion Dinner Dance of the class will be held on campus on May 16.

Lt. Col. Louis L. Kuntz, Jr. assumed command of Headquarters and Maintenance Squadron 43, Marine Air Reserve recently in Willow Grove.

Members of the class wishing to help plan the 20th Anniversary Reunion are asked to contact Benjamin Tumolo or the Alumni Office. Frederick A. Enck has been appointed executive director of the United Cerebral Palsy Association of the Pitts-
pointed controller of Union Carbide in Belgium and will relocate to Antwerp. Donald M. Kelly was appointed executive director of the Cape May County Industrial and Economic Development Commission.

Norman Bernstein, Ph.D.

Norman Bernstein, Ph.D., assistant professor of the history and philosophy of education at St. John's University, New York, has been selected for inclusion in the fourth edition of Leaders in Education.

John F. Donnelly has been appointed as vice-president, marketing, of the Satellite Computer Service of Philadelphia. James F. Howard is now working as administrative assistant to the director at the Virginia Division of Corrections. Joseph McGuiness is vice-principal at Edison High School, Philadelphia. Archie Pergolese has been granted the 1970 National Quality Award for the 9th consecutive year by the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co. Major Joseph E. Scanlin has been selected to attend the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Stephen G. Vasos, M.D., has been appointed to Department of Internal Medicine, Division of Hematology, Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital, Camden.

Robert Boyer, a St. Norbert College faculty member, has been awarded a $6,500 stipend from the National Endowment for the Humanities, Washington, D.C., to support a six-month project of writing and research. Joseph P. Braig, Esq., elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives last November, is serving on Law and Order, Judiciary, and State Government Committees.

Francis E. Gleeson, Jr., Pa., State Representative, has been appointed to the House Committee on State Government, Agriculture and Dairy Industries, and Judiciary. John W. Hedges has been appointed as assistant chief counsel for the Bell Aerospace Division of Textron. Lawrence E. McAlee has been appointed counsel and secretary of Associated Advisers, Inc., a subsidiary of First Pennsylvania Corporation. Dr. Robert J. McNulty has been elected Chief of Staff of John F. Kennedy Hospital, Stratford, N.J.

Edward O'Connor has joined the staff of Bucks County Psychiatric Center at Penndel as a psychiatric social worker. Deceased: Richard E. Joyce.

Stephen A. Cymerman was made controller of Nolen and Swinburne Architects, Engineers and Planners. Thomas Gillespie, Jr., territory manager for western Pennsylvania and northeastern West Virginia, became the fifth man to receive a diamond Silver Shuttle pin from C. Masland & Sons Carpet Co. Joseph Stephens has recently joined American Can Company at its New Castle, Delaware facility as General Supervisor, Technical Birth; To Richard J. Mullin, Jr. and Miss Dianne, a son, Patrick. Deceased: Paul D'Hedouville.

U.S. Air Force Captain Joseph Y. Ashun has been awarded a master's degree in business administration by the University of Missouri. He is assigned at Whiteman AFB, Mo., as a missile combat crew commander with a unit of the Strategic

Lisa A. Richette, Esq., received 1971 Signum Fidei Medal, the highest award of the college's alumni from associate president Harry White, Ph.D., at dinner on campus, Feb. Mrs. Richette, author of "The Throwaway Children," was honored for her "contributions to the advancement of Christian Principles."

Norfolk, Va. Raymond G. Ainger, Jr. has been appointed resident manager of White Plains, N.Y. service office of insurance Co. of North America. Paul Schofield has been elected Assistant Treasurer by the Board of Directors of Sec. Roeback Acceptance Corp. Thomas Sullivan has been promoted to the position of plant accountant by the National Dr. Co. at their Swiftwater, Pa. facilities.

The tenth anniversary Reunion Dinner Dance of the class will be held on campus on May 22.

Robert A. Claney
inducted into the Alpha Epsilon Honor Society, along with 53 seniors, were (standing, from left): Michael A. DeAngelis, John J. Conboy, '50; Robert J. Shafer, '54; and Rev. John V. Cinino, O. Praem; (seated, from left): Brother Tyrman Joseph, F.S.C., Bruce V. MacLeod, Ph.D., Warren E. Smith, M.D., and (not pictured) Brother Gregory Claude DeMitre, F.S.C.

**'64**

J. Hugh Devlin has been elected a vice president of A. G. Becker & Co., Inc., member of the New York Stock Exchange. William F. Dietrick, Jr., has completed his postdoctoral appointment at Brookhaven National Laboratory and is now assistant professor of biology at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania where he is teaching physiology and general microbiology. James Joseph Doyle has received his master’s degree in agriculture from Penn State University. Edward F. Gallagher has joined the public relations department of Gray & Rogers, Inc., Phila. James V. Glynn has been named commercial lines manager of the Excelsior Insurance Co. Michael Francis O’Connor has received his master’s degree in engineering from Penn State University. Frank Schluth has been appointed accounting manager of Clover, a new division of Strawbridge and Clothier. Marriage: Richard Louis Bokun to Miss Barbara Anne Archer. Birth: Dennis B. Cummings and wife Connie, their fourth child, a daughter, Candice.

**'65**

Timothy P. Daly has received his M.D. from Jefferson Medical College, and is now interning at Long Island Jewish Hospital, New Hyde Park, N.Y. Thomas C. Brogan has been named political science instructor at Albright College.

**'66**

The fifth anniversary Reunion Dinner Dance of the class will be held on campus on May 22.

Walter R. Bukata has received his M.D. from Temple Medical College and is now interning at Abington (Pa.) Memorial Hospital. James Burkhart has received his M.D. from Indiana University and is now interning at the North Carolina Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem. Edward T. Creagan has received his M.D. from New York Medical College. J. Thomas Danzi has received his M.D. from SUNY Upstate, and is now interning at St. Joseph’s Hospital, Syracuse, N.Y. Jeremius T. Duhyk has received his M.D. from New Jersey College of Medicine, and is now interning at St. Michael’s Medical Center, Newark, N.J. Norman A. Ettenger has received his M.D. from Temple Medical College and is now interning at Albert Einstein Medical Center, Philadelphia. John S. Follet has re-
ceved his M.D. from Georgetown University and is now interning at Denver Children's Hospital, Colorado. Robert E. Gerhardt has received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, and is now interning at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. H. Barton Grossman has received his M.D. from Temple Medical College and is now interning at the University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan. George Isaiw and Robert P. Johnson received M.D.'s from Jefferson Medical College and are now interning at Misericordia Hospital, Philadelphia. Wayne M. Keiserman has received his M.D. from Jefferson Medical College and is now interning at Lankenau Hospital, Philadelphia. James M. Klick has received his M.D. from Jefferson Medical College and is now interning at Reading (Pa.) Hospital. Philip W. Konrabecki has been head of the accounting department in the Buffalo, N.Y. bank of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Insurance Company for the past two years. Phil has played professional baseball in Canada and more recently professional softball. He has played on three New York state champion teams and has participated in two World Softball Tournaments. Charles A. Leise received a master's degree in chemistry from St. Joseph's College. Army 2nd Lieutenant Anthony M. Naccarato completed an air defense artillery officer basic course at the U.S. Army Air Defense School, Ft. Bliss, Tex. James McGee has received his Ph.D. in Psychology from Catholic University. His postdoctoral fellowship will be at the New York University at Stonebrook, U.S. Air Force Captain Walter J. Okon has arrived for duty at Ankara Air Station, Turkey. Robert Rossi was sworn into office as assistant district attorney in Syracuse, N.Y. Marriages: Thomas Patrick Stein to Donna Lee Kurka; Frank J. Swiech to Eileen Hartman. Births: William Kienzle and wife Nancy, a third son, Brian Joseph; John Follet and wife, Joyce, a son, Gregory.

Explorer court coach Paul Westhead (left) jokes with Hawk counterpart Jack McKinney during alumni luncheon, jointly sponsored by La Salle and St. Joseph's prior to Big Five showdown, Feb. 26, at Holiday Inn, Market St. Bulletin sportswriter Frank Brady, '61 (right) was toastmaster.

Peter D. Horvat has joined the Stu Pharmaceutical division of Atlas Chemical Industries, Inc. as plant controller of the division's facility soon to be completed near Newark. Del. Richard B. Mazel has been promoted to production planning Ortho Pharmaceutical Corp. in Raritan New Jersey. 2nd Lt. Ronald P. Wargo has been graduated at Tyndall AFB, Fla, from the training course for U.S. Air Force weapon controllers. He studied radar scope and manual air defense systems operations. Marriages: N. Wade Ackley Diana Jean Park; Robert George to Catherine Frank; Captain Eugene A. Quinn, USA in Chu Lai. Births: to Michele Belcak and wife, Luba. a son, Michael.

Robert T. Moran has joined Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation as a personnel specialist-administrative employment specialist.


'67

Arthur Akins received his master's degree in business education from Rider College.

2nd Lt.
Ronald P. Wargo

'69

Frederick T. Angelilli has recently been appointed director of admissions for Northwestern Mental Health Center. Robert F. Burke now works for Packaging Corporation of America as a salesmen.

Larry Cannon, of the Denver Rockies was named to the American Association League's All-Star team and was one of the league's leading scorers this season. Airman Daniel F. Leahy, Jr., has been graduated at Lowry AFB, Colo, from the U.S. Air Force supply inventory special course. Edward P. Lisiecki Jr., has been licensed by the N.J. State Board of Metuany Science as a practitioner of mortuary science. Edward Olwell was recently promoted to Army specialist four, while serving with the 3rd Armored Division near Hanau, Germany. Dennis J. Rochford was recently promoted to Army First Lieutenant while serving with the 3rd infant division near Bad Kissingen, Germany. J. Rochford is commanding officer of Her first Battery, 2nd Battalion of the division's 41st artillery. Marriages: Berna Pius Gallas by to Margaret Mary Kr et Stephen J. Henner to Ruthanne Tom setti.
PAYROLLS AND PROFITS FOR THE PX

To most people, The Post Exchange (or PX) means a pack of cigarettes, some shaving lotion or a quick snack.

To Victor F. DeMarco, '52, however, the PX represents a volume exceeding $2 billion annually, some 80,000 employees and a world-wide network of amusement centers, retail stores, mess halls and personal service outlets.

DeMarco, who graduated magna cum laude from La Salle before earning his C.P.A. and later a master's degree in business from N.Y. U., is deputy comptroller of the Army and Air Force Exchange Service which operates the vast PX network of 19,000 outlets throughout the world from its headquarters in Dallas, Tex.

The AAFES also maintains an European office, in Munich; a Pacific office, in Honolulu, and 12 regional offices in the U.S., but it's in Dallas where the big decisions are made at an ultra-modern, 278,000 square foot structure known as the Red Bird Office Plaza.

DeMarco's responsibilities include the management of all financial accounting functions. This means that he pays all U.S. vendors ($1.5 billion annually), prepares the payrolls of all U.S. employees, manages the group's $70 million investment portfolio, and prepares all financial forecasts and statements. He does it with no financial help from the government.

"As the prime non-appropriated service under the Department of Defense, we're not only in business to provide service," says De Marco. "That's our primary function, but we are also expected to show a profit to support the welfare fund."

The AAFES Welfare Fund, in turn, supports the various service clubs, recreational facilities and libraries located wherever U.S. servicemen are stationed throughout the world.

DeMarco has been with the AAFES since 1954, handling various executive assignments in such diverse outposts as London, Morocco, Wiesbaden, Germany, New York City and Honolulu. After serving as deputy director of plans and management for 21/2 years in Hawaii, Vic came to Dallas in November, 1968, to direct the service's multi-faceted education program. Here, some 24 courses in management, marketing and computer systems are offered to employees who come to Dallas from all over the world for periods ranging from one to six weeks. The center offers home study courses and publishes a variety of training guides for employees.

"Directing the education program was quite a challenge," says DeMarco, who taught part-time at the Universities of Maryland and Hawaii and now teaches at the University of Texas (at Arlington). "It was probably challenging because I am more qualified to do this job."

DeMarco has been the number 2 man in the comptroller's section since last June, which means that he has come a long way since being transferred from an amored division in Czechoslovakia to Germany in 1945 where he helped open the first PX in Munich. After discharge, he stayed on as a civilian employee until 1948 when he came home to go to college.

DeMarco and his German-born wife, Gisela, reside in Dallas with their six children: Adele, 17; Karen, 15; Kathleen, 14; Douglas, 12; Christine, 6, and David, 4.
U.S. Congressman William J. Green speaks at Downtown Alumni Club luncheon, Feb. 5, at Barclay Hotel.

MOVING?

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ATTACH LABEL HERE

Lt. Eugene J. Bransfield, U.S. Army, has been assigned to the Defense Industrial Supply Center in Northeast Philadelphia. 2nd Lt. Charles F. Cleary recently completed a nine-week air defense artillery officer basic course at the U.S. Army Air Defense School, Ft. Bliss, Texas. John E. Hummel has been hired by the Reading, Pa., Model City Neighborhood Council board of directors for the position of community organizer of State College. 2nd Lt. Thaddeus J. Jalkiewicz Jr. recently completed a nine-week air defense artillery officer basic course at the U.S. Army Air Defense School, Ft. Bliss, Texas. Pvt. 1st Cl. Ronald A. Kashkashian recently completed seven-week unit and organization supple specialist course at the U.S. Army Quartermaster School, Ft. Lee, Va. George J. Levesque Jr. has been appointed a Metropolitan Life Insurance consultant in Manchester, Conn. Airman Joseph M. M. Cormick, Jr. has been graduated at Lackland AFB, Texas from the U.S. Air Force security policeman course. He has been assigned to Willow Grove, Pa., for duty with the Tactical Air Command. 2nd Lt. Brian F. Patterson recently completed a nine-week air defense artillery officer basic course at the U.S. Army Air Defense School, Ft. Bliss, Tex. 2nd Lt. Charles Pfizenmayer has recently completed a nine-week ranger course at the U.S. Army Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga. 2nd Lt. Dennis J. Reid recently completed a nine-week air defense artillery officer basic course at the U.S. Army Defense School, Ft. Bliss, Tex. Ronald R. Zinck has been elected to a 2-year term on the West De ford (N.J.) Board of Education. Airman Louis M. Yaculuci has been graduated with honors at Sheppard AFB, from U.S. Air Force communications special course. Marriages: Thomas J. Grice to Kathleen Theresa Fleming; Louis Yaculuci to Joyce Elizabeth Bartnett. Elected: John C. Terh扭曲.
"Oh, talk not to me of a name great
in story;
The days of our youth are the days
of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-
and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though
ever so plenty."

—Lord Byron (1788-1824)
Ken Durrett's Bedeviling Winter